

The Pen

by: Aamir Shaikh

January 15, 2010

Dedicated to Gula

This is my first attempt to writing a novel.

It was inspired by a very special and beautiful person named Gula.

Chapter 1. The Mosque.

One Friday afternoon, in one of the poorest parts of the city in Lahore, Pakistan, a nearby mosque calls its people for prayers.

ALLHU AKBAR - ALLHU AKBAR

ALLHU AKBAR - ALLHU AKBAR

ASH HADU AL-LA ILHA ILLAL-LAH

ASH HADU AL-LA ILHA ILLAL-LAH

ASH HADU ANNA MUHAMMADAR RASULLUL-LAH

ASH HADU ANNA MUHAMMADAR RASULLUL-LAH

HAYYA `ALAS-SALAH - HAYYA `ALAS-SALAH

HAYYA `ALAL FALAH - HAYYA `ALAL FALAH

ALLAHU AKBAR - ALLAHU AKBAR

LA ILAHA ILLAL-LAH

It means,

Allah is the Greatest - Allah is the Greatest,

Allah is the Greatest - Allah is the Greatest.

I Testify that none is worthy of worship except Allah

I Testify that none is worthy of worship except Allah

I Testify that Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah

I Testify that Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah

Come to Prayer. Come to Prayer

Come to success. Come to success.

Allah is the Greatest, Allah is the Greatest.

There is none worthy of worship besides Allah.

People gather up to pray. All ages and all colours; young, old, rich, poor, all different in cultures and personalities, all different colours of skin, all gather up to pray as one Ummah, one community and one brotherhood. The smell of perfumes across the big hall is just beautiful. Everyone dresses up in their best cloths for Friday's prayers. Smiles across the room as some come with their friends and others come with families. While there are people who come alone but still content with life and others come because they are worried and they come to ask God to forgive them or solve their problems and reward them with a better life. But everyone in this mosque is here to worship one and only God, Allah(SWT).

As the prayer is about to start, a small boy just rushes to come into the mosque as fast as he can. He runs to the sink to wash himself as quickly as he can and performs his Wudu. He is without any shoes, his cloths are all dirty and smelly but he still comes to pray every day regardless of this condition and almost every single time he just about enters the mosque when it is almost too late. His name is Ali and this story is about him and his wonderful adventures.

Chapter 2. Who is Ali?